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Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 30 07

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Jacob's Well at Shechem.

Jacob's well, or Bir Yakub, as it is locally known, is not mentioned in Genesis as the work of Jacob during his sojourn at Shechem. It will be remembered that he bought a plot of land for 'an hundred pieces of money,' whereon he erected an altar, which he called El-elohe-Israel; but of the well nothing is said.

Coming to St. John iv., however, we find direct evidence, not only of the plot of ground, but of the well itself . . . 'near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there.' . . . It was here that the woman of Samaria met our Lord and gave Him a drink, on which incident He founded the paruble of 'living water,' which has comforted generations past and gone, and will comfort untold generations to come.

JACOB'S WELL.

But, apart from Holy Writ, there is a vast body of reliable evidence that the well as it exists to-day is not to be confounded with any other fountain or cistern, but is in truth the 'deep well' which Jacob gave to his people. Jews, Samaritans, Christians and Mohammedans all agree about it; and when we remember that the Samaritans have dwelt in the locality for two thousand three hundred years, any reasonable doubt vanishes.

The modern town of Nablous represents the old Shechem, though it is probably not exactly on the same site, and the rich plain which stretches eastward and southward grows valuable crops even to-day, and is as beautiful to the eye as when it attracted Jacob, or arrested the glance of our Saviour. The well itself is on the end of a low spur or swell running out from the north-eastern base of Mount Gerizim, and stands fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the plain.

Early travellers describe its mouth as covered with two large stones easily removed. This mouth is less than two feet in diameter, though the well is about nine feet across. Its depth has been variously stated, possibly because the water never rises to the surface, whilst stones and pieces of masonry thrown down to ascertain the fall fill it up somewhat. From seventy-five to eighty feet deep is the most reasonable estimate.

The mouth—which is an orifice in a dome or arch—and upper part are built of masonry, and the sides appear to have been roughly lined with the same material at some distant date. It must be remembered in this connection that a succession of ancient churches originally stood over it, the last of which was destroyed after the defeat of the Crusaders in the year 1187.

Nowadays the water usually lasts until the month of May, and sometimes a little later. Then it disappears, practically, until the return of the rainy season. Fifteen feet of water was sounded so long ago as May, 1697, and that is about the average till drought sets in.

Our illustration fortunately shows it in its earlier state, for the traveller to-day sees it under other and less natural circumstances. The parcel of ground wherein it is situated was acquired some years ago by the Greek Church in Nablous, and everything possible is done to preserve the place. The plot of land, surrounded by a drystone wall, has been planted out as an orchard, a hut has been built over the well, whilst near the gate of the close there is a small habitation for the keeper. The key is in charge of an attendant priest, who is always ready to accompany a visitor, and tell what he knows of the well and its surroundings.

On the whole this well is an object which draws us near to the past and future in one—that Fountain of living waters, the unfailing source of all our happiness and comfort, and the well of water springing up to eternal life. As James Freeman Clarke has written:—

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,
His daughters linger'd round this well, new made;
Here, seventeen centuries afterwards, came another,
And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power,
Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
Come up, as ever, to the light of day,
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.
And those few words of truth, first uttered here,
Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear;
Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart.
The hour for God's true worshippers draws near—

Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art:
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged—Truths never pass away.
—'The Cottager and Artisan.'

The Beauty Which is to Come.

Bishop Nicholson has a story of personal experience to tell to those who seem swamped in worries, which carries with it its own simple yet unmistakable lesson. It happened during the first years of his ministry, when he was rector of a Philadelphia church. The parish matters, social and financial, were in a bad way, and straightening them out was slow work. He was distinctly discouraged one day, when, having gone to New York on business, he stopped to look at the Brooklyn bridge, then building. A man covered with dirt was working on the abutments. 'That's pretty dirty work you are engaged in,' said the bishop. 'Well, yes,' answered the laborer; 'but, somehow, we don't think of the dirt, but of the beauty which is to come out of our work.' Said Bishop Nicholson: 'It was the lesson I needed, and I went back to Philadelphia better for it.' It is a lesson which many of us need in every department of human life.—Selected.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

Christmas Day Amongst the Famine Orphans.

Dhar, Central India.

The following account of how Christmas Day was spent in our little community in far-off India will interest many readers: 'Christmas morning was ushered in by the Orphanage boys appearing in the verandah of our bungalow (house) long before daylight came. They sang Christmas carols until they were hoarse; then the girls took up the strain, and far and near might be heard songs of praise rising from happy hearts. At seven o'clock each girl was presented with a pretty bright jacket. The reason for this early distribution being that the boys' garments could not be ready, as Mrs. Russell had been away on account of her father's death, but the boys are very good, and they quite understood the difficulty and were happy without them. At eight o'clock we had a service, which was held in the large centre room of the new school building, because our church is closed, as people are dying of plague on all sides of it; after the service Mrs. Russell gave presents to each of the orphans, and they appreciated them all the more, coming from her hand. There were dolls for the little girls, and for the older ones pocket handkerchiefs, needle-cases, thimbles, pin-cushions, beads, and cakes of highly-colored scented soap. After this the girls and boys played and enjoyed themselves until their meal-time. When that was over, all the children, with their invited friends, some with babies, gathered about the Orphanage, and I wish you could have seen their games, dances, and pranks. There was the greatest fun and happiness, the girls all playing together, and the boys following out their own games and devices. When the dinner hour arrived, all the Missionary friends joined us. When all were ready, the orphans and their guests, seated in rows, large cauldrons of palao (rice cooked in spiced soup with a goodly supply of meat), were placed before the crowd. Mr. Russell stepped up to the centre, and all stood up whilst he returned thanks for God's goodness, and asked His blessing for the future. The food was then distributed, and eaten as only hungry youth can enjoy it. After the palao was disposed of, a second course of sweet things was given; then followed songs of praise, after which all the invited guests left for their homes, but not before giving hearty salaams to all who had contributed to their enjoyment. I wish I could give you an idea of the hearty happy crowd who enjoyed your bounty. All united in sending you many loving salaams. (I think Dr. Mar. O'Hara forgot to name the presents the boys received.)—A. S. C.

At the annual meeting of the Society held on the first of February, the treasurer's statement showed that the income for the year had been $1,849.58, of which $1,200 had been sent to Dhar for the Orphanage, $35 for the Christmas Treat, $152 for Evangelists' salaries, and $345 for the Industrial Fund now being raised; expenses $549, leaving a balance in hand of $62.68.

Mrs. A. S. CRICHTON,
Sec.-Treasurer.
142 Langside Street, Winnipeg.

The Old Man's Prayer.

In one of our city hospitals recently, the physicians were getting ready to perform an operation. The patient, an old man, was stretched upon the operating table, and when at length all was in readiness, one of the physicians approached with chloroform. The old man raised his hand and said.

'Wait a moment;' then folding his hands and closing his eyes, he began repeating the prayer which he used to say at night, at his mother's knee:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

The doctors bowed their heads reverently and waited, and when he had finished he looked up and calmly said:

'I am ready.'

Skilful tender fingers did their work, and after a time the eyes of the old man slowly unclosed again. As he took in the familiar surroundings, a look almost of disappointment crossed his face, and then he said softly,

'As Thou wilt Lord.'—Charlotte H. Tomlinson.

'Father Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.'

The most unfortunate people are sometimes the most useful. Socrates purblind, Seneca withered, Milton blind, Collins and Cowper distressed with the fear of insanity, Dr. Johnson carrying with him physical and mental infirmity from youth to age were among the world's benefactors notwithstanding these obstacles to success. From a blighted youth and life-long misfortune have often sprung works of benevolence and sympathy, such as only could result from the discipline of trial.

'There is a secret in the ways of God
With his own children which none others know,
That sweetens all he does.'

In nearly every collection of hymns, and specially in collections used in Baptist churches, the name of 'Mrs. Steele' is more frequently found than any other female writer. The address 'Mrs.' is more frequently found before her name, though the lady was never married. This usage is common, in England, with maiden ladies entitled to especial respect, and it has been retained by American compilers of devotional poetry and hymns.

She was the daughter of the Rev. William Steele, an English Baptist minister in Hampshire. She united with the church under her father's care, and was greatly beloved for her humility, piety, and Christian activities. She was a great sufferer, and from a life of severe discipline grew those sweet Christian graces which find expression in her hymns.

'Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise,

'Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy love impart,
And help me live to thee.'

She met with an accident in childhood which made her an invalid for life. She was also engaged to be married to a gentleman whom she dearly loved, and the preparations were fully made for the wedding. At the very moment when she was expecting the bridegroom's arrival, the guests being already in part assembled, a messenger came with the news that he had just been drowned. Her life, now doubly blighted, sought only consolation in the exercises of piety, charity and the inspirations of her pen. Her father's death deepened her sorrows in her helpless situation, and weaned her heart from the vanishing things of the world. But she bore her lot in her most shadowed hours with resignation, 'looking unto Jesus.' Her exit was serene and happy. Wrinkled with sorrow and worn with age, she at last realized a full answer to the burden of her life-long prayer:

'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

Shortly before her departure, she said:

'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

Her life was told in that hymn. 'Earthly bliss' was denied her, but she had a 'calm and thankful heart.' God's 'presence' shone through her 'journey,' and crowned the 'journey's end.'—The 'Story of the Hymns.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

(CHAPTER XI.—Continued.)

'That's it, that's it, exactly,' said he, 'set a good example of strength and self-command, and don't be everlastingly pressing a man. It is foolish at the best, and with weak-minded men it is absolutely criminal. I declare, I get quite vexed with people. "Now do take a little more, Mr. A." "Let me fill up your glass, Mr. B." "You've had such a little drop, Mr. C."' And Mr. Hayes could not have been more emphatic if he had been Father Mathew, Neal Dow, and J. B. Gough rolled into one. 'However,' he continued, with a sigh of relief, 'let's change the subject. Have another cigar, Dunwell? What'll you have to drink with it? Try a glass of sherry?'

'No, thank you, I don't think it's a good plan to change your liquor.'

'Oh! all right! No compulsion at my house. There's the whiskey by you, help yourself. And the worthy pastor did as he was told.

Walter Bardsley looked on, and his brow contracted as though he thought the minister was doing wrong. The wonder is that he did not frown at Norwood Hayes, but then, it must be remembered that Mr. Norwood Hayes was the subject of Walter Bardsley's hero-worship, and he regarded him as a veritable Bayard, a 'knight without fear and without reproach.'

'By the way, what's this I hear about Huddleston the Great?' said Mr. Dunwell, sipping from his glass, and sending the curling smoke aloft by way of introduction to the new theme.

And the bruised and battered body of their comrade in many a 'social' lay stark and cold in its grave beneath the elm-tree; while on the sofa in her shadowed chamber lies the form of Jennie Bardsley. Her white face is turned to the wall, as she sighs and whispers the name of Reuben, and finds no tears to ease her aching heart.

No wonder that Walter Bardsley, despite his reverence for the father of his Alice, was glad to ask permission to retire.

As he walked homeward through the quiet streets, he overtook old Aaron Brigham.

'Hallo! Aaron,' said he, 'it's not usual to see you parading the streets of Netherborough at this time of night.'

'No,' said the old man, 'I don't much matter it noo that m' poor old eyes fail me, ah've been ti' see Tom Smart.'

'What's the matter with him?' said Walter. 'Is he ill?'

'Ill! Aye, marry! John Barleycorn's broken his head for him, and mauled him considerably, and his bairns are half-starved, thanks to'd tonning o' t' fost sod.'

'Aye me! I'm sorry to hear that, Aaron. I thought he was keeping straight too, now, but the turning of that first sod will have more to answer for than poor Tom Smart.'

'Well, mebbe t 'tonning o' t' sod wasn't so much t' blame as t' tonning o' the beer-barrel taps and them as does it; may God forgive 'em.'

'Right you are, Aaron, I much doubt that had it not been for that unlucky business, poor Reuben Stanford would have been a living man this day. And there at Mr. Hayes they have just been saying that he was "nobody's enemy but his own."'

'What!' said Aaron, 'and what sort of a friend then, has he been to Jennie Bardsley, God bless her?'

'Not much of a one for a certainty. One thing is certain, Aaron, we must do our best to beat the drink, or it will half empty Netherborough.'

'Ah say, Mr. Walter, give us yer hand.'

He laid it in the hard rough palm of the old man.

Aaron took off his hat, and standing with his white head uncovered, he said:

'There's nobbut a few of us in Netherborough to fight the drink devil, Walter Bardsley, will you stand fast?'

'Aye, that I will.'

'God bless thee, m' lad, and trust to Him, and not to Norwood Hayes.'

CHAPTER XII.

Aaron's words concerning the mischief that had befallen Tommy Smart were by no means metaphorical. There is a well-known saying to the effect that a special Providence takes charge of children and drunkards. As regards the children, I believe it with all my heart, but as to the drunkards—well, there is a Providence, and a special one for that matter, that looks after all men—we should be in parlous straits were it not so, but for all that the saying is to all intents and purposes an unadulterated lie, coined by the same hand that says, 'It will do you good,' and for the selfsame purpose. I suppose it is intended to give courage to those who, having drunk more than heads can stand, are persuaded to take 'just another,' because it will be all right anyhow. The only providence there is in the whole business is contained in the liquor itself, a sort of anæsthetic which for the time being deadens a man's consciousness of pain, and hides from him the loss of his manhood, but both the sense of pain and the sense of loss come back with redoubled force as the aching brain yields once more to the sway of reason.

This lying providence, born of the devil, had done but badly by Tommy Smart, and for many weeks after the pandemonium on Netherborough Green, he was confined a close prisoner in his own home, if so high a title can be rightly given to the squalid and miserable quarters in which he lay. Tommy was a man of very extravagant tastes in one direction—that of the 'Red Cow,' and as this indulgence cost him the greater part of what he earned, and at the same time altogether precluded the possibility of his getting more, it can hardly be expected that his dwelling should be other than it was, beggarly and bare, a type and pattern of the holes and hovels in which the worshippers of the drink-god live—and die.

There was no furniture in it, for the ghosts of broken chairs, the scraggy remnant of a table, the heaps of rags and shavings that passed for beds, and some few relics of the time when his rooftree knew a mistress, and his bairns a mother, can certainly not be dignified with the name. His little house, one of a terrace standing back from the main street in a yard, was well enough, and one or two of the neighbors, who took a bit of pride in their homes, managed to make bonnie pictures of their domains, though they were poor enough, good faith; and there was even a bit of garden ground attached to each tenancy, just down by the back side; but Tommy Smart's garden was a fair counterpart of Tommy Smart's home, and in it, as in the garden of Watt's sluggard, one might have seen the thorns and the thistles grow broader and higher.

All this was a natural consequence of Tommy Smart's extravagance, for he was obliged to pinch himself in the matter of expenditure in all other things, that the flow of liquor might have but little stint. Nor would this have mattered so much if he alone had been affected by the operation. In that case he might have so far pinched himself as to have pinched himself out of existence, and he would have been neither mourned nor missed, nor would any living soul have been the worse for it. Sad and sorrowful a thing to say, but as absolutely true as it is sad and sorrowful.

There was a time, not so very long ago either, when Tom (not Tommy) Smart was, as his name suggests, as smart and likely a fellow as could be found in all the Riding. Never a ploughman could turn a straighter furrow. Never a waggoner could better handle a team of horses. Never a harvester could mow a wider or a cleaner swathe. In those days Tom was quite an object of competition among the farmers, every one of whom was ready to hire him at the highest wage.

At that time he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow; and everybody admired the diligent and loving way in which he did more than his duty to her, if that be possible, and filled her life with gladness and her eyes with smiles, until the reaper, whose name is Death, gathered her in the sweep of His sickle for the Harvest Home on high. Everybody, too, congratulated Ada Norris, housemaid at the farmhouse where he himself was employed, when, sometime later, he married her, and housed her in a cosy cottage, rented from his master; and they prophesied abounding happiness and prosperity to the young couple, and said they wouldn't wonder a bit if in a little while they had a farm of their own.

In a very short time his employer, Farmer Wilkinson, of Dulton Wold, made him his foreman, and was profuse in his promises to further his interests, for he genuinely respected both him and his young wife. Under Tom's able management, the farm, always a good one, improved vastly. The foreman's eye became almost as good as the master's, and as a consequence there was no skulking or half-shod work. Then came a tremendous harvest. The seasons seemed to fall once again into their almanac order, and the broad acres of Dulton Wold were a golden glory. In securing this golden spoil, Tom's ability was manifest to all comers, and by his able management he succeeded in gathering every bushel of grain without confusion, waste of time or labor, without accident, and so smartly as just to avoid the break-up of the weather that almost immediately followed. The stack-yard was never so full, the stacks were never so big and high, and Farmer Wilkinson resolved to hold a harvest supper on a scale proportionate to the splendor of his crops.

Farmer Wilkinson, was, in his way, a religious man, and though he felt conscious that he had through his agents sown the grain and tended it, yet he also felt and acknowledged that God it was who had given the increase; and so, in deep gratitude to the open-handed Providence that had filled his barns and stored his granaries, he gave everybody who cared to come the opportunity of getting 'gloriously drunk'—a privilege of which not a few availed themselves to the full. This was by no means an exceptional thing then-a-day—this was the Harvest Home of the Good Old Times, about which we hear such a lot of sentimental twaddle. By-the-way, this Harvest Home has not been vastly improved on in a good many places I could mention up to this day.

In their alcoholic frenzy the revellers remarked vociferously that they wouldn't go home till morning, till daylight did appear. A good few of them didn't go home even then: some because they couldn't, and others because they preferred to adjourn to some adjacent hostelry licensed to facilitate the transformation of the Queen's lieges into brutes or devils, imbeciles or fools.

Now, Farmer Wilkinson declared that it was largely owing to Tom's clever management and prompt activity that the harvest had been so large and so safely gathered in. So it naturally followed that Tom had to be made much of. His health had to be drunk 'with a three times three.' The most popular man of the evening, he had to drink with everybody, and everybody had to drink with him. Tom was ever a cheerful, genial, open-hearted soul, and so he surrendered himself to the spirit of the occasion, and might have testified, as I have heard a workman boastingly testify more than once, 'I never was so drunk in my life.'

(To be Continued.)

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

(Continued.)

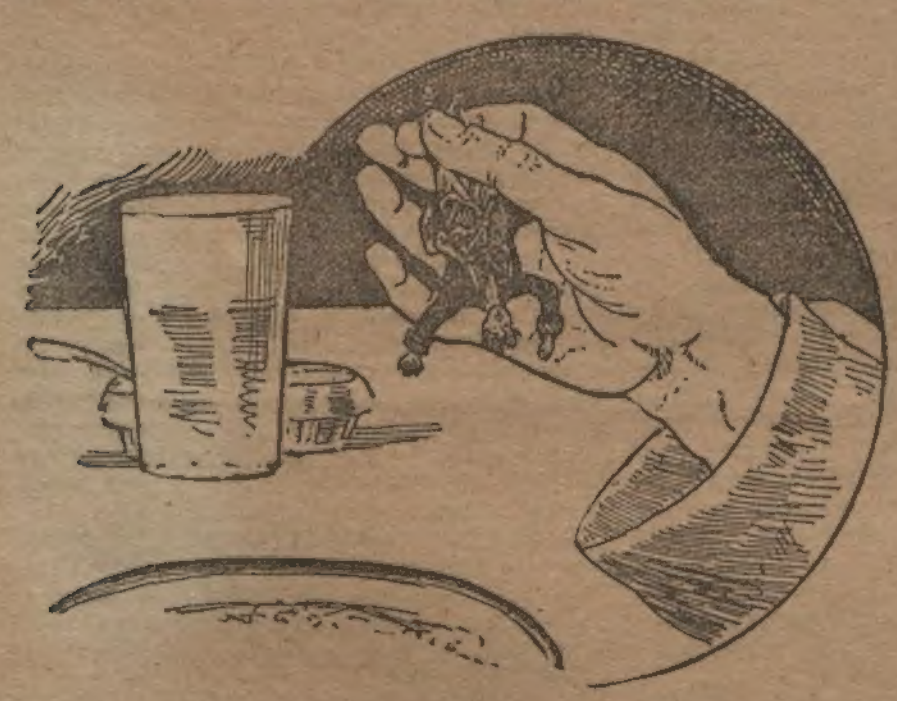
Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air, above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise my eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. Lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer, having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat, which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground, upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see that I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. He made me a sign to put the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. Taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were all seated, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink. I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened by the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Advancing forwards towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about 10 years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled in every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box in the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master understand as well as I could that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favorite cat jumped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I reckoned by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, but I walked without fear five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon



she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of them was a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head in its mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should surely have broken my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me.

(To be Continued.)

Found in Christ Alone.

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in Glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-bye;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with him below.

There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For the song of victory;
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own!

Priest and Miser.

It is the First Step which Costs.

The daily papers some time ago gave the particulars of the following singular history:

About thirty years ago at the Bishop Cotton School in Simla, India, a lad named Charles de Reussette, the son of an English officer, got into some boyish scrape. Instead of taking his punishment and turning over a new leaf like the other boys, he persisted in his fault and ran away. Every means to trace him were used, but in vain.

Years passed, but the boy was never discovered. About a year ago an Englishman penetrated into a Hindu temple not far from Simla, and in the presiding priest recognized the long-sought de Reussette.

He had taken refuge with the fakir of the temple, who hid him, and then made him an acolyte. He received first the Hindu garb, and then the Hindu habits and faith.

The Englishman made known to him, for the first time, that by the death of his father and brothers, he had become the heir to a title and large estates, but he received the tidings with indifference, as he did all pleadings to return to his home and his mother and the religion of his childhood. He is now a Hindu priest in belief, in thought, even in language!

Is the change so remarkable as it appears to the writer of it in the daily newspaper?

About fifty years ago one of the sons of a clergyman in a Connecticut village hoarded the pennies which were given to him, or which he earned, instead of spending them like his brothers in trifles which would make life more bright and tolerable for himself and others. He was lauded for his economy when he had amassed a hundred dollars. From that day he set himself to hoard money. He died in New York a despised miser, the owner of hundreds of thousands of dollars which had made his life miserable, and had not given a happy moment to a living creature.

A boy does not turn into a heathen priest or a miser, or a thief or drunkard, at once. The path is long. But there is always a decisive moment when his first step in it is taken.—'Sunday Companion.'

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you, or that no one knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman or a gentleman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'—'Christian World.'

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who is not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who is never by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
The lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
'Right always wins the day.'

—Eben E. Rexford, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

A Clean Life.

No life is fruitful except it be clean. A friend of mine had a beautiful tree upon his lawn, but somehow he could never cultivate it beyond a certain point. Some one suggested that the roots ought to be fertilized, and he secured the most approved fertilizer, but all in vain. One day a storm swept across his lawn and the tree went down with a crash. When an examination was made, he found that it was decayed at the heart. This was the secret of its lack of life and its failure to produce fruit. 'Is thine heart right in the sight of God?'—The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Pushing Forward.

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance.
But goes through the stations of Work and Strive,
Through the valley of Persevere;
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my boy,
And always a way to slide,
And the men you find at the foot of the hill,
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough,
And the storms come thick and fast;
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—Alvin Tennis Hunt, in 'Success.'

The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries in the world. . . . It is written in the eternal laws of the universe of God that sin shall be followed by suffering.—W. E. Gladstone.

An Open Door.

The French have a proverb, as shrewd as most French sayings are, 'A door must be either open or shut.' At first this appears so entirely self-evident that we wonder why it is called a proverb at all. But when we apply it to life, where proverbs belong, we begin to see what it means, and to appreciate its subtle wisdom.

Take temptation, for instance, and our attitude toward it. Is the door ever actually shut toward a temptation to our besetting sin? It may be almost shut—there is, perhaps, only a crack left. Yet that is quite enough. For all practical purposes the door is open, and Satan knows it. No temptation wastes its time hanging round before a close-shut door.

Or take the acceptance of Christ. We may say that we are going to open the door to Him after a while, or that we will do so as soon as we are quite convinced of His claims, or when we have set our souls a little more in order for His coming. But, meanwhile—the door stays shut, Christ waits outside, and we let Him wait. If, in the end, He leaves us to ourselves, is it any use to say that we always meant to open the door?—'Christian Age.'

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N.B.—When getting the 'Messenger' through a Sunday School, please give name and address of superintendent and pastor.

LITTLE FOLKS

Long Ago.

(By M. L. Attwell.)

Of a little Princess my song shall be,
Who lived in the long ago.
Ah! she was as fair as a flower to see—
All princesses are, you know—
With golden locks
And lovely frocks.
'How sweet!' said
the old black crow.

With a sad little tune my song must start,
And set to a metre slow;
It tells of a poor little longing heart,
All heavy with grief and woe,
And what about
None could make out—
'Dear, dear!' said
the old black crow.

Now this little Princess just longed to be—

O! never mind how I know—
Just a plain little child like you and me,
In the days of long ago,
To make mud pies
'Neath summer skies.
'Non-sense!' said
the old black crow.

—From 'Father Tuck's Annual,' Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

A Great Surprise.

It was just too queer for anything! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the latticed fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now what do you suppose it was all about? Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse-chestnut tree; and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick green shells—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came home from school that noon, and then the scowls came to make him a visit.

That new boy has everything!' he exclaimed, crossly. 'He has tops an' balls an' a bicycle an'—an' now he's got the horse-chestnuts? 'Tain't fair, so it isn't!' Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever. Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—a bouncing yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin—all three! Teddy sighed, as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh. Tommy heard it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

'Hello!' called Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

'Don't you like living here' enquired Tommy. 'You look as if you were home sick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got such a lot of them; and they are all my own, every one.'

Teddy sighed again. 'I've been a-wishin' for a pumpkin for years an' years,' he said, sadly. 'But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, an' so I never had any.'

Tommy looked surprised. 'Would you like one?' he asked, quickly. ''Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine if you would. Come over, an' I'll give you one now.'

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry; and he smiled as Tommy took his jackknife out of his trousers' pocket and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

'You have everything, don't you?' said Teddy, regretfully. 'You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples an' grapes an'—'

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. 'I have everything!' he said in astonishment. 'Why, I thought you were the one that had everything a few minutes

ago; You have tops an' balls an' a bicycle an' horse-chestnuts,' he said.

'Why, so I have,' answered Teddy, thoughtfully. 'I wanted a pumpkin so much that I 'most forgot all about everything else. I didn't remember the horse-chestnuts. Maybe you would like some? Would you?'

Tommy's eyes danced with delight.

'You can have a big bagful,' declared Teddy. 'An', if you'll get some tooth picks, I'll show you how to make a Brownie man.'

'An' I'll help you to make your lantern after school.' said Tommy. 'We'll help each other, an' divide our things, won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really, and truly.'

'Why, so we can!' said Teddy.

Then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

Four T's.

There are four T's too apt to run,
'Tis best to set a watch upon;

Our Tongue.
Know when to speak, yet be content
When silence is most eloquent.

Our Time.
Once lost, ne'er found; yet who can say
He's overtaken yesterday?

Our Thoughts.
Oft when alone, they take them wings,
And light upon forbidden things.

Our Temper.
Who in the family guards it best,
Soon has control of all the rest.
—Lessons for the Little Ones.

Don't be Cross.

Dick came down to breakfast in a very bad humor. He had not combed his hair, nor even washed his face.

'What is the matter, Dick?' said mamma pleasantly. 'Why did you come downstairs looking so untidy?'

'The water is cold,' grumbled Dick, 'and the comb pulls my hair. I don't feel like bothering with them.'

'Very well,' said mamma; 'then do as you please.'

'I'm hungry,' said Dick, and he sat down at the table.

Mamma did not pay any attention to him. She went on eating breakfast and talking to papa.

'I want my breakfast,' said Dick crossly.

'But I don't feel like giving any breakfast to an untidy, cross boy,' said mamma. 'If you like to act in that way, you can do as you please; but I do not please to wait on a boy who acts so badly. Be a little gentleman, and then you can have your breakfast.'

That cured Dick.—'Child's Hour.'

Friendly Quails.

One cold morning Farmer Glover stood in the rear of the barn, fork in hand, looking out over the fields. Snow-storm had followed snow-storm, until the stone walls were so covered that the farm seemed like a great field with here and there a small grove to break the monotony. The cattle had been fed, and each animal was munching contentedly at its pile of hay in the sunshine, scattering chaff over the snowy barnyard.

Suddenly from the light woods near the barn came a startled 'Bob-White!' Immediately there was an answering call from the woods across the fields, and then another and another, and soon a flock of about twenty quail alighted cautiously on the ground, two or three rods from where Mr. Glover stood, and began picking up the seeds from the hay which the cattle had strewn over the snow. They scratched about like a flock of hens, and apparently quite as much at home, and chippered away while they worked, after the fashion of tree sparrows in the weeds down by the brook. Indeed, they showed none of their wild instincts.

Farmer Glover was careful not to frighten his woodland guests, and the next morning he put out wheat for them, and threw handfuls of chaff in the hay which the cattle had left. The flock returned again and again, until feeding the quails has become as much a part of the day's routine as looking after the hens and turkeys.

One cold morning after they had eaten, the kind-hearted farmer found the whole flock huddled together under the hay, apparently enjoying the warmth. Strange to say, they never come for their food when it snows or rains. When they have breakfasted, unless frightened, they usually walk away to their favorite haunts in the grove across the fields. They never alight on the trees, but occasionally perch on the rail fence. Once or twice, when no one was in sight, they came near the house.

For six weeks the quails have enjoyed Farmer Glover's bounty. When spring opens their kind-hearted protector will meet them only in the fields and woods; but whenever bob-white's musical call comes over the summer meadows, it will bring pleasant memories of those winter breakfasts in the snowy barnyard.—'St. Nicholas.'

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made in one size only, to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

GIRL DOLL'S SAILOR SUIT.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B. Any two sets of these patterns will be sent free to one old subscriber sending in one NEW subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents. If a set chosen is out of stock at the time, we will send the one most like it.

Correspondence

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I pieced a quilt with 1,287 pieces in it, also a fancy cushion. I am in the third reader. I have one mile and a half to go to school, but there is no school this winter. We are having a very cold winter here, but not much snow. I am 11 years old. I read lots of nice books, but the 'Messenger' is my favorite paper.

ALMA GAMBLEN.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. We live on a farm. I have two dolls. I have one brother, and no sisters. My brother has a dog named Sport. One morning he started after a rig. When he came in my father gave him a whipping.

LEILA FELL.

K., Mich.

Dear Editor,—My uncle James Black, who lives in Canada, sends me the 'Messenger' weekly. I was very pleased to receive it, and I think the stories are very interesting. My Uncle James visited our home, and he told me so much about Canada and his home, that I have a great longing to go there. I live in Michigan. I have three brothers, and one sister. My mother and father are both living. My grandpa and grandma are living with us. My grandma is 73, and grandpa is 83 years old. I go to Sunday school, and to school. I am in the fourth grade, and am nine years old.

FRANCES ANNA BLACK.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and I live on a farm near Sarnia. Sarnia has a population of over nine thousand, and one of the largest tunnels in the world, extending from Canada to the United States, under the St. Clair river. The St. Clair river is one of the most beautiful rivers of Ontario. Sarnia has a great many industries.

On the shores of Lake Huron, about two miles off, there is a new summer resort, called Lake Huron Park, to which people come from all parts of the United States and Canada to spend the summer vacation. We also spent a very pleasant day there last summer.

We have an Indian Reserve about a half mile from where we live. For pets we have four goats, two of which we can hitch up in a little waggon and drive. We have a number of different kinds of pigeons. I will close with a riddle: As I went over London bridge, I saw a man making shoes without any leather.

HAZEL J. McRITCHIE.

O. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are having plenty of snow here now. About a week ago a heavy wind storm visited O. S., and did some damage in town, and also in the country. I get the 'Messenger' at the Baptist Sunday school here, along with a boys' paper. I like it very much. I am a great reader, and have read many books by many authors. My favorite author is Henty, then Alger, jr., then Ballantyne. I like Ralph Connor's books very well. I am reading his latest book, 'The Doctor,' now. I have also read 'Black Rock.' I intend to read 'The Prospector,' as soon as I am through with 'The Doctor.'

I am a member of the Y. M. C. A., and I saw a copy of the 'Canadian Pictorial' in the reading room. I think it is a fine magazine. I wish there were more such Canadian magazines.

I am a picture post card collector, and have a collection of nearly three hundred from all parts of the English-speaking world, including some pretty ones from Japan. I am also a stamp collector. I have three or four hundred different varieties from all over the world.

O. S. is a Local Option town, and has eleven hotels, whose bars are now closed. Of these eleven, two are strictly temperance houses, and are run by a strong temperance company. The branches of five banks are located here.

A LOYAL CANADIAN.

[The riddles enclosed have all been asked before.—Ed.]

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years old, and am in the fourth book. I got in last year. I live in a town of about one thousand inhabitants. I had my arm broken a year ago last autumn through falling out of a tree. I have four brothers, all older than myself, and also one sister.

I have about five or ten minutes' walk to church, and about one mile to school. We have a stable, but no cattle or horses, but my uncle keeps his horse in the stable.

FRED McCONNELL.

C., S., N.B.

Dear Editor.—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I received my watch, it is a little dandy. I have not taken the 'Messenger' very long, but I would not like to be without it. It comes every Friday. I have four sisters, and one brother. I go to school, and am in the third reader. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great deal. My favorite books are: 'A Peep Behind the Scenes,' 'Christie's Old Organ,' and 'Averil.'

ALFREDA L. NODDIN.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Alfreda.—Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm north of the village of H., and attend the Congregational Church, also the Sabbath school. Our minister comes from Scotland. We are having a beautiful winter here; the snow is not very deep. I had about a mile to go to school, but I have not gone since last spring. I was in the senior fourth class when I stopped. I am thirteen years old. I have one sister and one brother, both older than myself.

MARY BULLOCK.

[Your riddles have been asked before, —Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Ostrich.' Carlton Rodgers (aged 7), L., Kan.
2. 'Our Dean.' Annie L. Paynter, N. R., P. E. I.
3. 'Our Clock.' L. Smith (aged 12), W., Ont.
4. 'Good Humor.' J. H., M., Que.
5. 'Baby's Pet.' Katherine A. Hamilton (aged 10), B., N.S.
6. 'House.' Edna Donaldson (aged 7), D., Ont.
7. 'Trespassers Beware.' E. Pellett (aged 9), C., Ont.
8. 'What Santa Brought Me.' Elmor Taylor, S., Que.
9. 'A Pot of Daisies.' Dorothy Bradshaw aged 10), R., Man.
10. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Samuel T. Matthewson (aged 11), A., Sask.
11. 'The Threshing Engine.' Charles M. Howell (aged 11), R., Man.
12. 'Lena and I.' Mary Agnes McDonald (aged 15), N.S., C.B.
13. 'The Roebuck.' James Pinchin, B., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Gracie E. Porter, V., Ont., sends in four riddles, but no answers with them. Don't forget! No riddles can be printed unless the editor knows the answer, so be sure to send all answers for your riddles if you want them printed.

Evelyn McPhail, M., Ont., asks this question: When is a dog like a boy learning addition?

John Ross Laidlaw, P., Ont., asks: What part of a fish should weigh the most?

Samuel T. Matthewson, A., Sask., has been too far away from school to attend all winter, but he seems to have kept up his work well. Your riddle has been asked before, Samuel.

Florence Snell, N., N.B., says her favorite authors are Dickens and Scott. That is a good choice. Your drawing is very good, Florence, and will go in soon, but your riddle has been asked before.

Grace I. Jamieson sends several riddles that have been asked before, and a correct answer that has since been given. Yes, the country is a fine place to grow up in, Grace, especially when, as in your home, there are several brothers and sisters.

J. H. Moorehead, Que., sends in several riddles, among them these: 1. Why is one's father's nose like a well trained child? 2. Why should a man named Ben marry a girl named Annie? 3. My first you sing, my second you ring, and my whole you put on to distinguish a thing.

Bessie Laidlaw, P., Ont., asks three riddles, but all have been asked before.

Elma F. E. Spradbrow, T., Ont., sends several answers, two wrong, and the others have since been given. So have the riddles enclosed with the exception of this—What comes up when you bury a calendar?

John McKechnie, A., Ont., is only eight years old, and he has two miles to go to school. He ought to be a good walker if he keeps that up.

Hugh McGinn, T.AB., N.S., answers Jessie Maclie's riddle—a shoe. You didn't send in the answer to your own riddle, Hugh.

Mac Harris, H., N.H., asks three riddles, all asked before, except this: What is the difference between a new quarter and an old dime?

Is it possible that these next two letters are from twins? Beatrice McLeod, and George A. McLeod, write from B.P., P. E. I., and they are both ten years old, and in the same class at school. Their letters came together, so perhaps they are. They both forget to send answers to the riddles they sent.

Fred Traumbley, M., Ont., has a dog and a sleigh and harness for him. That means fine fun.

Bertha Chappel, T.B., N.B., sends in several riddles, but they have been asked before.

Dorothea Kirkpatrick, D., N.B., also sends in riddles since asked. Her teacher is reading a story to them in school.

Katherine A. Hamilton, B., N.B., is just learning to skate. What a fine time there is before her. You didn't send any answer to your riddle, Katherine.

We also received nice little letters from Sadie I. McLellan, C. N. A., N.S.; Vina Fleming, K., Ont.; and Edith Pellett, C., Ont.

A Song for Convivial Parties.

(This satire was written by Wm. Hone, and appeared in the 'Times' in December, 1831.)

Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high;
We will drink while round they pass
To vice and misery!
Pass quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet again,
And drink in revelry's swelling strain
To reason's overthrow!

Pass round, pass round, in quickest time,
The lowest drop be spent,
In one loud shout to guilt and crime
And crime's just punishment!
Fill, fill again, fill to the brim,
To loss of honest fame!
Quaff, deeper quaff, while now we drink
Our wives' and children's shame!

Pass round and round with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry;
We drink to woman's sighs and tears,
And children's poverty!
Once more, while power shall yet remain,
E'en with our latest breath,
Drink to ourselves, disease and pain,
And infamy and death!

John Ploughman's Almanac.

Although Charles H. Spurgeon has been dead nearly 15 years, his John Ploughman's Almanac is still issued. Its chief feature has been the homely sayings which Mr. Spurgeon puts into the mouth of John Ploughman. In thousands of English homes this almanac is as great a treasure as was Poor Richard's Almanac in the homes of our American forefathers. Among the sayings of John Ploughman in the new almanac are the following:

Wine makes many whine; gin makes many sin.

The more for the publican, the less for the public.

The only true temperance—total abstinence from evil.

Think, think, before you drink.

Don't waste good cash on worthless trash.

Don't give beer to boozers, nor loaves to loafers.

In gambling both winner and loser are losers.

The 'hire' system means higher cost.

The buyer system is always the better system.

You can't plough the soil without soiling the plough.

One peasant is worth more than many pheasants.

'Tis wasteful to throw rose-water into the sea.

The one who can wait is the one who will win.

Don't cry over spilt milk; buy some more.

Vanity Fair is a poor place for trading.

'Unfortunate' often means 'improvident.'

'Dignity' won't butter bread or grow potatoes.

Lent goods are apt to be lost goods.

Thrift begins with small savings.

Angelica may be angelic, yet she's not an angel.

Two dogs fight for a bone; a third 'bones' it.

You can't be just unless you are generous.

An ounce of vanity spoils a ton of merit.

Every mother should expect her boy to be a hero.

Not worth wooing, not worth winning.

Open your eyes before you wed; shut them after.

If you keep a dog, leave growling to him.

Life's music begins when love sweeps the strings.

A mortgage is a poor ornament for a house.

Unwearied tongues are very wearying.

It matters more how we live than how long.

An outraged conscience is a bad bedfellow.

'Tis one thing to whitewash; another to wash white.

As our barns get full let not hearts get empty.

To do no evil is good; to intend none is better.

To learn how to love is to learn how to live.

Brother Man.

Up men, from slumber wake—fight for the right,
The truth, and all that would emancipate
From thraldom and the tyranny of sin,
Let not thy life go floating with the stream,
Or helpless drift as wind and tide direct;
But dare against opposing force to steer—
Laugh at all fears, and in God's strength go on.
Ills great abound—the foe is strong, and seeks
To drag thy brother man down in the mire,
And leave him lower than the beasts to mourn.
No man has yet upon this round world trod
Who might not live the noble life that God
Designed; and, passing up from height to height,
At length an entrance gain to purer realms,
Crowned with the laurels of a perfect life.
If all men thus could live, then would there be
No need to strive or labor, fight or weep;
But sin is strong, and to effect its cause
Rests neither day nor night, and for man's fall
Lays down deluding snares; insidiously
By slow degrees, tempts him until he yields;
Then having that foul end at length achieved,
Casts o'er his reason a dark cloud which dulls
All finer thoughts, and as he blindly walks,
Sets free the passions, that like storms within
Roam o'er the senses, till beyond control
They devastate the body, mind, and soul.
Oh! man, for man thy brother stand and fight—
Let not the dust of self thy vision blind;
If free from falling thou thyself can stand,
Thank God, and turn to aid thy brother man.

—Harry G. Hurst.

Mr. Will Crook's 'Tip.'

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., tells this story for the benefit of gamblers:—

'I got out of a train at Feltham Station when visiting our industrial schools there two or three years ago. We had to drive to the schools, and we used to have the same coachman every week.

'"Good morning, coachman."

'"You knock about the country a good deal, sir?"

'"Yes; a pretty good deal."

"'Beg your pardon, Ascot Races are on next week."

'"Yes."

'"Do you know anything good for the Gold Cup?"

'"Oh, yes, I do; and I give you my word it can't lose."

'"That's the one I'm after."

'"It's a moral certainty it can't lose."

'"What's its name?"

'"Hold-fast!"

'I saw him a fortnight afterwards, and he said, "Beg pardon, sir, I looked all through the 'Sporting Life,' and all through the 'Sportsman,' and down the columns of the 'Daily Telegraph,' what the guv'nor has, and couldn't see its name!"

'"So you didn't lost anything, then?"

'"No; I didn't have anything on."

'"Then you did back Hold-fast!"

'And the man replied:

'"Oh, I never thought of that before."'

Fruits of the Traffic.

(By T. R. Thompson.)

Fruits of the traffic in rum are these:
Poverty, crime, and foul disease;
Revelings, drunkenness, and strife;
Loss of estate and loss of life;
Loss of companions kind and dear;
Headaches and pains and lack of cheer;
Loss of employment, sad disgrace;
Blotches and pimples on the face;
Brains that are softening day by day;
Health that is fleeing fast away;
Bruises and wounds most hard to bear;
Ruin and death and blank despair;
Hopes that are crushed and vows unpaid;
Husbands in paupers' coffins laid;
Desolate homes, cheerless and bare;
Women and children starving there;
Tears and distress and lack of clothes;
Fighting and swearing and other woes,—
Such are the fruits we daily see;
Oh, what a pity such things should be.

Don't be a Cucumber.

'When I was a little boy,' remarked an old gentleman, 'somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small and the cucumber so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Look out for such bottles boys!'—'London Sunday School Times.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Some Attractive Offers.

That offer made to our 'Pictorial' boys of a chain to match the watch for selling only six extra 'Pictorials' has been much appreciated—and we expect that every boy from this on will want the chain just as soon as he gets the watch. We are just getting in a new supply of these White Metal Chains, neat, pretty designs, thoroughly strong, and entirely suitable for the watch—serves their purpose just as well as a ten dollar gold chain.

Then there is that offer of a Rubber Stamp, with name and address, to be given as a bonus to any boy as soon as he has sold in all one hundred copies. That also is a popular proposition. It looks well to have letters coming back from our young agents signed with the new stamp. No chance of mistaking that name and address; and there is sometimes, as all our boys do not write like the copybook—we don't expect it.

We want boys in every village, town and city in Canada to handle the 'Pictorial.' There is money in it for them, and business training as well. Already we can pick out of our young agents a goodly number whose evident business ability is being developed by this work. There is no age limit. The 'Pictorial' Portrait Gallery for January showed a young man of seventeen; February's place of honor is held by a boy of nine, while the March picture will be one of another lad of nine, a bright, young Manitoban.

Sit down at once and write for a packet of 'Pictorials,' and full instructions. The premiums to be won appear elsewhere in this issue.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

LESSON.—MARCH 10, 1907.

Isaac a Lover of Peace.

Gen. xxvi., 12-25. Memory verses 16, 17. Read chapters 20-26.

Golden Text.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Mat. v., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 4.—Gen. xxi., 9-21.
Tuesday, March 5.—Gen. xxii., 1-19.
Wednesday, March 6.—Gen. xxiv., 1-21.
Thursday, March 7.—Gen. xxiv., 22-38; 49.
Friday, March 8.—Gen. xxiv., 50-67.
Saturday, March 9.—Gen. xxvi., 12-35.
Sunday, March 10.—Jas. iii., 1-18.

(For the Junior Classes.)

Who can tell me anything about a quarrel? Oh! so you all know something about that. Perhaps each one of you often quarrels when he is all by himself; is that the way you do it? No, indeed. There is an old saying which we all know well, 'It takes two to make a quarrel.' Of course more than two can join in a quarrel, but it is quite impossible for one to quarrel all alone. Why do you ever quarrel? It doesn't look nice, it doesn't sound nice, and certainly it doesn't feel nice, then why do you do it?

Show the children that quarrelling always springs from the root of selfishness. Some one wants something that we have, and do not want to give up, or we want something that somebody else has; whatever the cause, selfishness can always account for a quarrel.

So we see that quarrelling is ugly whichever way we look at it, and there is another thing that we ought to remember about quarrelling, and that is that it is one of the easiest things in the world to do. Now nobody is very proud of being able to do something that everybody else can do. Suppose I were to say, 'I can count ten,' you would all feel like smiling, and certainly you would think 'That's nothing. Everyone in the class can do that.' But its when someone can do something that other people can't do that he begins to feel proud of his power. Those people who get on in the world are generally those people who can do something much better than other people. We all agreed that it was one of the easiest things in the world to quarrel, because everybody can do it, even the smallest baby who wants something he can't have, but it is something to be proud of, to be able to keep from quarrelling. Our lesson to-day is about Isaac, the son of Abraham, about whom we have been lately studying. He had been living among a people called the Philistines, who soon grew very envious of Isaac's great wealth.

Show the spirit of meanness that stopped up the wells in a land where water was so scarce, and the generosity of Isaac who gave in to their desires and set out to find a new home. The Golden Text shows God's approval of such gentleness.

(For the Seniors.)

There is a long stretch of time, and many incidents between the account given in last Sunday's lesson, before Isaac's birth, and to-day's story, when Isaac is well advanced in years. It will only be possible to touch on them as they affect more particularly Isaac's character, for that is in reality the topic of to-day's lesson. The intervening chapters, if rightly studied, easily show the various determining influences; his sheltered home life, his father's example, the tender love there was between him and his mother, the air of a special mission as the child of a divine promise, his general isolation from the heathen about, and his place as heir of the wealthy chief of a large number of followers. There is perhaps a suggestion of weakness in the account to be gathered from the Bible story, but this is rather physical than moral. He was unquestionably obedient to his father, religious and meditative by nature and home training, tenderly affectionate to his mother, wife, and children, and willing, like his father, to give up his rights rather than be party to a quarrel. It is this love of peace that forms the special point of interest in the lesson to-day. There is a well-known saying that 'it is easier to mistake our rights than to right our mistakes,' and the latter part of this chapter shows that Isaac made no mistake in the course of action he followed.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

In these and all such examples we see a great principle verified, viz., that a good part of our true wisdom and dignity consists in a dexterous and timely submission to evils we can not resist; that when the ship is caught and can not bear up into the wind, there is no use in trying to make her do the impossible; let her take the storm and drive before it. (Acts xxvii., 15.—Horace Bushnell, in 'The Spirit in Man.'

It is Christ's teaching that the man who brings his offering to God and remembers that his brother hath aught against him shall leave his gift before the altar, and go and be reconciled to his brother, and then offer his gift. Worship of God is so joined to love toward men that the forgiving man is sure to be the forgiven man.—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Forbear; give up a little; take less than belongs to you; endure more than should be put upon you. Make allowance for another's judgment of the case; differing in constitution, circumstances, and interests, we shall often decide differently about the justice and integrity of things; and mutual concessions alone can heal the breaches and bridge over the chasms between us, while quick resentment and stiff maintenance of our position will breed dispute and bitterness.—C. A. Bartol.

Our relations to others are constantly taking character from our disposition towards them. We foresee some difficulty with some one we have to work with, and, if we cherish thoughts of peace and kindness toward them, we shall come through it without much friction. Something from the warmth of the heart warms the atmosphere, and renders it easy for us to make the crooked straight and the rough places smooth. Contrariwise, if we dwell only on the annoyances or provocations we have received or expect, it is impossible to avoid a collision of feeling. We have taken the matter by the wrong handle, and can get no good of it. Quarrels and agreements alike are rooted more deeply than in circumstances. They go down to habit of mind and of character.

It is friction, not motion, which wears out machinery, whether it be in the sphere of animate or of inanimate nature. To avoid or to diminish friction is to increase and improve the efficiency of the machine that is set to any good work. Oil on the running gear is quite as important as steam in the boiler, whether it be on a railway locomotive or on the brain which directs or performs words for God.—'Sunday School Times.'

When William Penn began his duties as chief magistrate, a great conference was appointed with the native chiefs. Penn, accompanied by a few unarmed Friends, clad in the simple garb of the Quakers, came to the appointed spot. The chieftains, also unarmed, sat in a semicircle on the ground. Standing before them and speaking by an interpreter, he said: 'My friends, we have met on the broad pathway of good faith. We are all one flesh and blood. Being brethren, no advantage shall be taken on either side. When disputes arise we will settle them in council. Between us there shall be nothing but openness and love.' The chiefs replied: 'While the rivers run and the sun shines we will live in peace with the children of William Penn.' No record was made of the treaty, for none was needed. Its terms were written, not on decaying parchment, but on the living hearts of men. For more than seventy years, during which the province remained under the control of the Friends, not a single war whoop was heard within the borders of Pennsylvania. The Quaker hat and coat proved to be a better defence for the wearer than coat of mail and musket.—Ridpath's 'History of the United States.'

How poor are they that have not patience!—Shakespeare.

Quarrels would not last long if the fault were only on one side.—La Rochefoucauld.

If we are intolerant, we become intolerable —G. H. Morrison.

There is only one highway to the world's true comradeship—it is the road of forbearing one another.—G. H. Morrison.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

There are two kinds of men useful as examples.

FIRST.—There are those who do heroic things, great, grand, and visibly glorious, who are ideals set before us, mostly far, far beyond our hope of attaining, but yet visible illustrations of spiritual greatness and heroism, without which every life and the whole world would be poor indeed.

SECOND.—There are those who live our common, every-day life with such nobleness, such sweet and holy spirit, doing everything from the highest motives, 'living,' as Starr King once said, 'all the beatitudes daily,' that they are a perpetual inspiration to us every day of our lives. They touch our character, not in special emergencies, but in every act of every day.

'Like to the sunlight,—gladdening, brightening all,
Quiet as dew, which no man heareth fall,
So let thine influence be.'

Jesus Christ embodies both qualities. His coming to save, his death on the cross, and, in a sense, all between were the utmost heights of heroism and self-sacrifice. But his daily life was, in many ways, like that of the ordinary man brought up to the perfect ideal. And this kind of life, touching our daily needs and cares and duties, was essential to our best welfare.

Now, Isaac was an example of daily living such as belongs to us, filled with the spirit which should pervade, inspire, and elevate our daily lives. His life was uneventful, almost monotonous. He has been called 'the Wordsworth of the Old Testament.' We find in him 'those refined, sensitive, pleasant, passive virtues which make tender and helpful the home relations, and which are the grace of all social intercourse.' 'Eventful lives train large, commonplace, taking, but rough, elements, or character.' 'The uneventful lives are the spheres in which are trained the fine, delicate, gentle, divinest elements of character . . . in such silent fashions as that in which the soft breath of spring wakens the flower-music of the earth.'—Robert Tuck in 'Revelation by Character.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Rom. xii., 10, 18, 21; Eph. iv., 2; Phil. ii., 3; Psa. cxxxiii., 1; Prov. xvi., 7; Matt. v., 5; Prov. xx., 3; John iv., 14.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 10.—Lessons from the Patriarchs. II. Abraham. Heb. xi., 8-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PRAISE MEETING.

Monday, Mar. 4.—Praise God for His wisdom. Dan. ii., 20.

Tuesday, Mar. 5.—For His power. Ps. xxi., 13.

Wednesday, Mar. 7.—For His goodness. Ps. cvii., 8, 9.

Thursday, Mar. 7.—For His Mercy. Ps. cxxxvi., 1-4.

Friday, Mar. 8.—For His loving kindness. Ps. cxxxviii., 1, 2.

Saturday, Mar. 9.—For His help. Ps. xxviii., 7.

Sunday, Mar. 10.—Topic—A psalm of praise. Ps. ciii., (Praise meeting.)

HOUSEHOLD.

A Baby.

A bald red head,
A puckered face,
Hands blindly wand'ring
Into space:
A wee faint smile,
A stalwart squall,
And yards of clothes
To hide it all:
Yes, that's a baby.

A bunch of sweetness
Full of bliss,
A thing to cry
About and kiss:
A blessing sent
Straight from above,
A pound of care,
A ton of love:
Now, that's a baby! —'Morning Star.'

Beans, Peas and Lentils.

In these leguminous foods we have some of the best heat and force foods which furnish an excellent diet for winter. They are inexpensive and contain so great an amount of nourishment that they may often be used as a very satisfactory substitute for meat. They are among the most healthful foods if properly prepared, not being so highly concentrated, they are too often cooked in such a manner as to make their digestion a severe strain on the ordinary digestive system, and much of their latent flavor and nutriment is lost. In preparing a quart of white beans they should be soaked for several hours in clear water, then drained and put in a baking dish which should be one of stoneware if possible. A tablespoonful of salt, a generous dash of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of molasses, with boiling water to cover, are added and the whole placed in the oven to bake for eight hours.

A pinch of baking soda in the first boiling water makes the beans tender and easier of digestion. In all cases the first boiling water should be poured off as it contains an element which is liable to bring about temporary indigestion, Beans baked after the Boston fashion have become famous. To prepare these soak a pint of beans over night, place in a kettle with a pound of salt pork, cover with water and boil until tender. Drain, season with pepper and salt and add a cupful of molasses. Place the pork in the centre of a deep pudding dish, pour the beans over it and bake in a moderate oven for six or eight hours. A half hour before taking them from the oven, remove cover and allow them to brown.

Beans baked with stewed tomatoes form a very appetizing dish. Having prepared a pint of beans by soaking and boiling, add to them a level teaspoonful of pepper, a level tablespoonful of salt and a level tablespoonful of molasses. Cover with water and bake slowly for eight hours, adding from time to time, as the water boils away, stewed tomatoes from which the seeds have been removed. A pint of tomatoes to a pint of beans is the correct proportion. Beans so prepared keep for a long while if sealed in jars while hot.

Puree of beans makes an excellent soup for luncheon. Add one pint of cooked beans (either boiled or baked), a tablespoonful of butter, a chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley to three quarts of water; cook for thirty minutes. Another soup is prepared from black beans. After soaking a cupful over night, add one gallon of water and one-half pound of freshened salt pork; cook slowly for three hours, then add a finely cut onion, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one half teaspoonful each of thyme and marjoram, a tablespoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper; cook for another hour, run through a colander and return to the fire; rub together a tablespoonful of flour and butter, add to the soup and let it boil up. When ready to serve pour into a soup tureen and add four sliced, hard-boiled eggs. The remnants of baked, boiled, or tomato beans may be very satisfactorily disposed of by covering with water and simmering for half an hour, mashing the beans as much as possible. Return them to the stove, season with pepper and salt and add a tablespoonful of butter and small squares of bread toasted brown.

An English recipe for the use of peas gives us the pea pudding of such repute. Soak one pint of yellow peas in water over night. Drain, tie in a pudding bag, and drop into a pot of boiling meat which may be mutton, beef, freshened salt pork or ham; boil for three hours, adding an onion, a few carrots and turnips, and several cloves to give flavoring to both meat and pudding. After three hours of cooking remove the peas, drain and rub through a colander. Season well with pepper and salt, and add one tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and one cupful of rice that has boiled for twenty minutes; mix well, then take a square cloth which has been dipped in hot water and floured and pour the pudding into it. Tie the corners firmly and return to the pot to boil for thirty minutes. Remove the cloth and serve with slices of the meat and a sauce of curry, onion or tomato. An old-fashioned pea soup is made by covering a ham bone with water and when partially boiled adding a cupful of split peas. After fifteen minutes before dishing up, German noodles are dropped in.

The most tender and delicately flavored of any leguminous vegetable is the lentil. It seems strange that this vegetable is so little used in America, while in Europe, especially in France and Germany, it is a great favorite and one of the commonest dishes. For puree soak one-half pint of lentils over night; drain, cover with two quarts of water, add a stalk of celery, a small carrot and a sprig of parsley. Boil for two hours, press through a sieve and reheat; add a tablespoonful of butter and flour rubbed together, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, then boil for ten minutes. Serve hot with buttered toast or crackers well browned in the oven and buttered. A method of cooking which comes from Germany is to soak them over night and boil for two hours, adding finely chopped onions cooked in butter and a tablespoonful of curry powder. They are then served with rice, cabbage, or sausages. —'Prairie Farmer.'

The Care of the Children's Hair.

Mothers should teach their children to care for their hair as early as possible.

If the little girl is coaxed into the habit of giving her locks a hundred strokes with a stiff brush every morning and evening and braiding them loosely for bed, the foundation for a future beautiful head of hair will be laid.

Counting the strokes will lighten the task for her, and she will soon become accustomed to it and make it a part of her daily toilet. Too many children are allowed to go to bed with their hair in a tousled condition, only to have it jerked and tangled hastily when school times comes around.

Such a practice is disastrous to the nerves of a sensitive child and ruinous to the hair. Teach the little daughter to take care of her hair and at the right time, and also to keep her brushes and comb in the proper state of cleanliness.

These articles should be as strictly personal as the tooth-brush. Never allow one child to use the other's hair-brush. Diseases of the scalp are most contagious, and the brush is the surest germ agent.—'Dom. Pres.'

A Brief Summary of Premium Offers

Article.	Cash in addition to one renewal at full rate.	Sale price for cash separately to our subscribers.	Free for NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at full rates as under.
Maple Leaf Brooch	15 cents	20 cents	One new subscription.
Maple Leaf Blouse Set	35 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Folding Pocket Scissors	35 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Five-inch Scissors	40 cents	60 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Cutting Shears, eight-inch	60 cents	90 cents	Three new subscriptions.
Lady's Pocket-Knife	35 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Boy's Jack-Knife	60 cents	75 cents	Four new subscriptions.
Farmer's Combination Knife	95 cents	$1.20	Five new subscriptions.
Buckhorn Carving Set	$1.20	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Safety Razor	1.00	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Gold Cuff Links	70 cents	1.00	Four new subscriptions.
Ingersoll Watch	$1.00	1.25	Five new subscriptions.
Fountain Pen	1.25	1.50	Five new subscriptions.
Gold Locket	1.25	1.75	Seven new subscriptions.
Gold Chain	1.00	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon, coffee size, bowl engraved to order, any one name	1.00	1.15	Five new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, large size, very handsome, bowl engraved to order, one name	$1.75	$2.00	Ten new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Teaspoons, a stock pattern, very fine	1.10	1.25	Six new subscriptions.
Set of six 1847 Rogers Plated Teaspoons	2.00	2.25	Eleven new subscriptions.
24 Colored Stereo Views (Trip round the world.)	40 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
50 Colored Stereo Views Japanese, wide range	90 cents	$1.00	Four new subscriptions.
Stereoscope. Good lens	$1.19	1.20	Five new subscriptions.
Game of 'Dia'	50 cents	60 cents	Three new subscriptions.
BOOKS.			
Sweet Story of Old	35 cents	45 cents.	Two new subscriptions.
Children of the Bible Series. Any one of the ten different titles	25 cents.	35 cents.	One new subscription and one renewal.
One Syllable Series. Any one of ten different titles	25 cents	35 cents	One new subscription. and one renewal.
Kenilworth	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
Ivanhoe	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
Barnaby Rudge	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
Sea, Forest and Prairie—Stories of Canada, by Canadian children	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
BIBLES.			
Bagster's Scholars' Bible	50 cents	60 cents.	Three new subscriptions.
Bagster Minion Teachers' Bible	1.00	1.25	Six new subscriptions.
Bagster Long Primer Bible	1.50	1.75	Eight new subscriptions.
Red Letter Art Bible	2.50	3.00	Thirteen new subscriptions.

These premiums have been described separately in these pages before. Fuller particulars at any time on application.

In larger premiums, for every subscription short of the required number, add 25 cents.

None of these premiums can be sent to the United States except the Bibles, the Fountain Pen, and the Watch.—The others could only be sent at subscriber's risk, customs charges to be paid by the receiver.

Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample Copies and Subscription blanks sent free on application.

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KEEP THIS TABLE FOR REFERENCE.

For the Busy Mother.

Owing to a fire in the New York factory, we are unable to supply any pattern under No. 2000. Subscribers will please take note of this.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

GIRLS' RUSSIAN DRESS.—NO. 5542.

The popularity of the Russian dress is as great as ever, and it will remain in vogue for many months to come, it is so becoming to most little girls and so easily and quickly made. It has one feature that will recommend it to all mothers; it will look as well after being laundered as before. Several materials are adapted to the mode, such as serge, mohair, flannel, duck, gingham and pique. The medium size will require 3 yards of 44-inch material. Sizes for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

Religious Notes.

China is to have a Morrison memorial. A most appropriate movement has been started, looking to the construction during the coming year of an edifice in Canton which shall commemorate the landing of this pioneer missionary in that city a century since. At a mass meeting held in Hongkong not long ago several addresses were made and Chinese Christians were asked to make pledges. About $7,000 were soon secured, with women the largest givers. The design is to rear on a central site a large assembly hall, with a library, missionary museum, gymnasium, etc., the whole to be placed under the care of the Young Men's Christian Association.—'The Missionary Review of the World.'

A colporter of the American Bible Philippines in company with two priests of the Independent Catholic church, reports a significant incident. In confirming the many candidates who presented themselves, the bishop handed each one a copy of the gospel instead of the usual candle used upon such occasions. The people paid for the Bible what they would otherwise have expended for the candle, and at the end of the tour the colporter found that there were left but few of the 18,000 Bibles with which he was equipped at the beginning.

In 1903 the state of New Hampshire went back on its prevailing policy of state prohibition, and the eleven cities of the state voted back the saloon. But six of the eleven accepted the first opportunity to reverse that decision, and have gone back to prohibition. In one city, with a large foreign population, the two Roman Catholic priests of the place were leaders of the no-licence forces.

At the recent opening of the Bible Society's new premises in Johannesburg, by the Earl of Selbourne, High Commissioner for South Africa, His Excellency said: 'I have no argument to address to you on the subject of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, because it seems to me that it is the one subject about which there can be no argument among Christians. Other causes require argument; some of them require much argument in order to secure commendation; but this work of distributing the Word of God, in every possible language among all races and in all climes, surely is a work on which there can be no argument among Christians. In the course of ages we Christians have unfortunately developed a great faculty for differing in opinion. We differ in respect of the interpretation of Scripture; we differ as to the particular forms of Church Government; and these differences of opinion have crystallized into what we call the different Churches. But on this one point—the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures—we are absolutely united, because there can be no possibility of doubt as to our duty.'

Selected Recipes.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—For rice griddle cakes and honey boil a cupful of rice. When it is cold, mix thoroughly with one pint of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar and a little salt. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and bake on a hot griddle. As fast as baked, butter, spread with honey, roll up and serve hot.—'Inter Ocean.'

CLAM BISQUE.—Open twelve clams and bring the liquor to a boil, skim and add the clams chopped, and when the boiling point is reached, skim again. Add a few drops of onion juice. In another pan scald two cups of milk and thicken with two level tablespoons of flour and a level tablespoon of butter. When it is smooth and thick and the starchy taste cooked out, add the clam mixture, which should also be boiling hot, and serve at once. Oysters may be treated in the same way.

DAINTY BREAD PUDDING.—Scald two cups of milk, to which have been added a small butter ball and a pinch of salt. Pour hot over one cup of grated bread crumbs. Let stand until cool. Beat together the yolks of two eggs, and a quarter-cup of sugar, adding one-quarter of a grated lemon rind. Stir into the cool bread crumbs and bake for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavored with juice of the lemon. When the pudding is baked, spread first a layer of jelly over the top, then the beaten whites. Return to the oven a moment and brown. Serve cold.

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